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Bunyan's Lament for his Blind Mary.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

Oh! I have left a poor blind one,
A helpless child, that never knew
The rising from the setting sun,
Or morning from the evening dew.

When maidens nimbly speed their way,
To pull the rose or emerald leaf,
She spends in night the summer's day,
Nor tottering begs a scanty sheaf.

She hears her mother's wheel go round,
Till night has hushed its noisy hum;
Then at each passing footstep's sound,
She lifts her staff—"has father come!"

At eve, the shepherd quits his sheep—
At eve, the scythe the mower leaves,
The harvest man has ceased to reap,
And homeward bends with copious sheaves.

No yellow sheaf nor golden grain,
I homeward bear, nor vernal flower,
Nor ruby grape, but seek my chain,
E'er watchmen cry the midnight hour.

Let pity once my misery feel,
Let justice set the guiltless free,
Then shall this hand, now wreath'd in steel,
Like velvet to my Mary be.

To smooth her staff, and guide her feet,
Or often wheel her lowly chair,
When fruitage bands together meet,
All this shall prove a Father's care.

To strip from nutted fruit its shell,
Unchain the grapes in vineyards found,
And tune her reel that she may tell
Her vintage joys to all around.

Ah, more; 'twill lift to faith's desire,
That ladder which the patriarch saw,
Now more replete with steps of fire,
Whence heavenward feet new swiftness draw.

Its top is in yon clouds of blue,
On which I see night's stately queen,
That leads her vesper stars in view,
The earth and orange sun between.

How many moons in twelve long years,
Have waxed and waned, and suns have set,
Then rose again, but still with tears,
These links at morn and eve are wet.

Dickens' American Notes for General Circulation.

This work will, no doubt, be largely read, as all such productions are. We make the following extracts for the amusement of our readers:

THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION.

The President's mansion is more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it. The ornamental ground about it has been laid out in garden walks; they are pretty, and agreeable to the eye; though they have that uncomfortable air of having been made yesterday, which is far from favorable to the display of such beauties.

My first visit to this house was on the morning after my arrival, when I was carried thither by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to charge himself with my presentation to the President.

We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily.

The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country; and who were sauntering too, about a large state-room called the Eastern Drawing-room; we went upstairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors, awaiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him.

We had previously looked into another chamber fitted all round with a great bare wooden desk or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring. But there were no such means of beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting-room in one of our public establishments, or any physician's dining-room during his hours of consultation at home.

There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from the west; sunburnt and swarthy; with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between his legs; who sat bold upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind "to fix" the President on what he had to say, and wouldn't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six-feet-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally "killing" him.

A third, an oval-faced, bilious-looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen mere so persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favors so abundantly upon the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of "compensation;" which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants.

We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he might—being at war with everybody; but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, anb his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanor, he became his station singularly well.

Being advised that the sensible etiquette of the republican court, admitted of a traveller, like myself, declining, without any impropriety, an invitation to dinner, which did not reach me until I had concluded my arrangements for leaving Washington some days before that to which it referred, I only returned to the house once. It was on the occasion of one of those general assemblies which are held on certain nights, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock, and are called rather oddly, Levees.

I went, with my wife, at about ten. There was a pretty dense crowd of carriages and people in the court-yard, and so far as I could make out, there were no very clear regulations for the taking up or setting down of company.

There were certainly no policemen to soothe startled horses, either by sawing at their bridles or flourishing truncheons in their eyes; and I am ready to make oath that no inoffensive persons were knocked violently on the head, or poked acutely in their backs or stomachs; or brought to a stand-still by any such gentle means, and then taken into custody for not moving on. But there was no confusion or disorder. Our carriage reached the porch in its turn, without any blustering, swearing, shouting, backing, or other disturbance; and we dismounted with as much ease and comfort as though we had been escorted by the whole Metropolitan force from A to Z inclusive.

The suite of rooms on the ground-floor, were lighted up; and a military band was playing in the hall. In the smaller drawing room, the centre of a circle of company, were the President and his daughter-in-law, who acted as the lady of the mansion; and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady too. One gentleman who stood among this group, appeared to take upon himself the functions of a master of the ceremonies. I saw no other officers or atendants, and none were needed.

The great drawing-room, which I have already mentioned, and the other chambers on the ground-floor, were crowded to excess. The company was not, in our sense of the term, select, for it comprehended persons of very many grades and classes; nor was there any great display of costly attire: indeed some of the costumes may have been, for aught I know, grotesque enough. But the decorum and propriety of [illegible] which prevailed, were unbroken by any rude or disagreeable incident; and every man, even among the miscellaneous crowd in the hall who were admitted without any orders or tickets to look on, appeared to feel that he was a part of the Institution, and was responsible for its preserving a becoming character and appearing to the best advantage.

That these visitors, too, whatever their station, were not without some refinement of taste and appreciation of intellectual gifts, and gratitude to those men who, by the peaceful exercise of great abilities, shed new charms and associa[illegible] tions upon the homes of their countrymen, and elevate their character in other lands, was most earnestly testified by their reception of Washington Irving, my dear friend, who had recently been appointed Minister at the court of Spain, and who was among them that night, in his new character, for the first and last time before going abroad. I sincerely believe that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed, as this most charming writer: and I have seldom respected a public assembly more, than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country: and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them. Long may he dispense such treasures with unsparing hand; and long may they remember him as worthily!

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AMERICAN TRAVELLING CHARACTERISTICS.

At dinner (on board the steamer) there is nothing to drink upon the table but great jugs full of cold water. Nobody says any thing, at any meal, to any body. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting, and that is done in silent fellowship round the stoves when the meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and languid, swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners and suppers were necessaries of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food, in gloomy silence, bolts himself in the same state. But for these animal observances, you might suppose the whole male portion of the company to be the melancholy ghost of departed book keepers, who had fallen dead at the desk; such is their weary air of business and calculation. Undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral baked meat, in comparison with these meals, would be a sparkling festivity.

The people are all alike, too. There is no diversity of character. They travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull, cheerless round.

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A NATIVE CHIEFTAIN.

There chanced to be on board this boat, in addition to the usual dreary crowd of passengers, on Pitchlynn, a chief of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to me, and with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation.

He spoke English perfectly well, though he had not begun to learn the language, he told me, until he was a young man grown. He had read many books, and Scott's poetry appeared to have left a strong impression on his mind, especially the opening of 'the Lady of the Lake,' and the great battle scene in 'Marmion,' in which, no doubt, from the congeniality of the subjects to his own pursuits and tastes, he had great interest and delight. He appeared to understand correctly all he had read, and whatever fiction had enlisted his sympathy in its belief, had done so keenly and earnestly; I might almost say fiercely. He was dressed in our ordinary every day costume, which hung about his fine figure loosely, and with indifferent grace. On my telling him that I regretted not to see him in his own attire, he threw up his right arm for a moment, as though he was brandishing some heavy weapon; and answered, as he let it fall again, that his race were losing many things besides the dress, and would soon be seen upon the earth no more; but he wore it at home, he added, proudly.

He told me that he had been away from his home, west of the Mississippi, seventeen months; and was now returning. He had been chiefly at Washington on some negotiations pending between his tribe and the government; which were not settled yet (he said in a melancholy way) and he feared never would be; for what could a few poor Indians do against such well skilled men of business as the whites!

He hed no love for Washington; tired of towns and cities very soon; and longed for the forest and the prairie.

I asked him what he thought of Congress? He answered with a smile, that it wanted dignity in an Indian's eyes.

He would very much like, he said, to see England before he died; and spoke with much interest about the great things to be seen there.—When I told him of that chamber in the British Museum wherein are preserved household memorials of a race that ceased to be, thousands of years ago, he was very attentive, and it was not hard to see that he had a reference in his mind to the gradual fading away of his own people.

This led us to speak of Mr. Catlin's gallery, which he praised highly, observing that his own portrait was among the collection, and that all the likenesses were 'elegant.' Mr. Cooper, he said, had painted the red man well; and so would I, he knew, if I would go home with him and hunt buffaloes, which he was quite anxious I should do. When I told him that supposing I went I should not be very likely to damage the buffaloes much, he took it as a great joke and laughed heartily.

He wes a remarkebly handsome man; some years past forty, I should judge, with long black hair, an aquline nose, broad cheek bones, a sun-burnt complexion, and a very bright, keen, dark and piercing eye. There were but twenty thousand of the Choctaws left, he said, and their number was decreasing every day. A few of his brother chiefs had been obliged to become civilized, and to make themselves acquainted with what the whites knew, for it was their only chance of existence. But they were not many, and the rest were as they always had been. He dwelt on this, and said several times that, unless they tried to assimilate themselves to their conquerors, they must be swept away before the strides of civilized society.

When we shook hands at parting, I told him he must come to England, as he longed to see the land so much; that I should hope to see him there one day, and that I could promise him he would be well received and kindly treated. He was evidently pleased by this assurance, though he rejoined, with a good humored smile and arch shake of his head, that the English used to be fond of the red men when they wanted their help, but had not cared much for them since.

He took his leave as stately and complete a gentleman of nature's making as I ever beheld; and moved among the people in the boat, another kind of being.

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THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning we arrived at Buffalo, where we breakfasted, and, being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently any where else, we set off by the train the same morning at 9. Whenever the train halted I listened for the roar, and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them, every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of my stoppining I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted; and then, for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank was very steep, and was slippery with rain and half melted ice. I got down, but was soon at the bottom, and climbing with two English officers who were crossing, and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin, we were at the foot of the American fall.

I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or any thing but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—that it come upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing—the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was—peace peace of mind—tranquility—calm recollection of the deep—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom and terror.

Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty; to remain there changeless and indellible until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from the thundering water; what faces faded from the earth looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angel's tears, the drops of many hues that showered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made.

I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried waters gathering strength as they approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, and in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice; this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and show like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

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BELLEVILLE, ILL.—DR. CROCUS.

Belleville was a small collection of wooden houses, huddled together in the very heart of the bush and swamp. Many of them had singularly bright doors of red and yellow; for the place had been lately visited by a travelling painter, "who got along," as I was told, "by eating his way." The criminal court was sitting, and was at that moment trying some criminals for horse stealing; with whom it would most likely go hard: for live stock of all kinds being necessarily very much exposed in the woods, is held by the community in rather higher value than human life; and for this reason, juries generally make a point of finding all men indicted for cattle-stealing, guilty, whether or no.

The horses belonging to the bar, the judge, and witnesses, were tied to temporary racks set up roughly in the road; by which is to be understood, a forest path, nearly knee-deep in mud and slime.

There was an hotel in this place which, like all hotels in America, had its large dining-room for the public table. It was an odd, shambling, low-roofed out-house, half-cowshed and half-kitchen, with a coarse brown canvass table-cloth, and tin sconces stuck against the walls, to hold candles at supper-time. The horseman had gone forward to have coffee and some eatables prepared, and they were by this time nearly ready. He ordered "wheat-bread and chicken fixings," in preference to "corn-bread and common-doings." The latter kind of refection includes only pork and bacon. The former comprehends broiled ham, sausages, veal cutlets, steaks, and such other viands of that nature as may be supposed, by a tolerably wide poetical construction, to "fix" a chicken comfortably in the digestive organs of any lady or gentleman.

On one of the door-posts at this inn, was a tin plate, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold, "Doctor Crocus:" and on a sheet of paper, pasted up by the side of this plate, was a written announcement that Dr. Crocus would that evening deliver a lecture on Phrenology for the benefit of the Belleville public; at a charge, for admission, of so much a head.

Straying up stairs, during the preparation of the chicken-fixings, I happened to pass the Doctor's chamber; and as the door stood wide open, and the room was empty, I made bold to peep in.

It was a bare, unfurnished, comfortless room, with an unframed portrait hanging up at the head of the bed; a likeness, I take it, of the Doctor, for the forehead was fully displayed, and great stress was laid by the artist upon its phrenological developments. The bed itself was covered with an old patchwork counterpane. The room was destitute of carpet or of curtain. There was a damp fire-place without any stove, full of wood-ashes; a chair, and a very small table; and on the last-named piece of furniture was displayed, in grand array, the doctor's library, consisting of some half-dozen greasy old books.

Now, it certainly looked about the last apartment on the whole earth out of which any man would be likely to get anything to do him good. But the door, as I said, stood coaxingly open, and plainly said in conjunction with the chair, the portrait, the table, and the books, "Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Don't be ill, gentlemen, when you may be well in no time. Doctor Crocus is here, gentlemen, the celebrated Doctor Crocus! Doctor Crocus has come all this way to cure you, gentlemen. If you haven't heard of Doctor Crocus, it's your fault, gentlemen, who live a little way out of the world here: not Doctor Crocus's. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in!"

In the passage below, when I went down stairs again, was Doctor Crocus himself. A crowd had flocked in from the Court House, and a voice from among them called out to the landlord, "Colonel! introduce Doctor Crocus."

"Mr. Dickens," says the colonel, "Doctor Crocus."

Upon which Doctor Crocus, who is a tall, fine looking Scotchman, but rather fierce and warlike in appearance for a professor of the peaceful art of healing, bursts out of the concourse with his right arm extended, and his chest thrown out as far as it will possibly come, and says:

"Your countryman, sir!"

Whereupon Doctor Crocus and I shake hands; and Doctor Crocus looks as if I didn't by any means realise his expectations, which, in a linen blouse, and a great straw hat with a green ribbon, and no gloves, and my face and nose profusely ornamented with the stings of mosquitoes and the bites of bugs, it is very likely I did not.

"Long in these parts, sir?" says I.

"Three or four months, sir," says the Doctor.

"Do you think of soon returning to the old country, sir?" says I.

Doctor Crocus make no verbal answer, but gives me an imploring look, which says so plainly, "Will you ask me that again, a little louder, if you please?" that I repeat the question.

"Think of soon returning to the old country, sir?" repeats the Doctor.

"To the old country, sir," I rejoin.

Doctor Crocus looks round upon the crowd to observe the effect he produces, rubs his hands, and says, in a very loud voice,

"Not yet awhile, sir, not yet. You won't catch me at that just yet, sir. I am a little too fond of freedom, for *that*, sir. Ha ha! It's not so easy for a man to tear himself from a free country such as this is, sir. Ha ha! No no! Ha ha! None of that till one's obliged to do it, sir. No, no!"

As Doctor Crocus says these latter words, he shakes his head, knowingly, and laughs again. Many of the by-standers shake their heads in concert with the doctor, and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, "A pretty bright and first-rate sort of a chap is Crocus!" and unless I am much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night, who never thought about phrenology, or about Doctor Crocus either, in all their lives before.

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AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The Americans are by nature, frank, brave, and cordial, hospitable and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably as to them: never can again make, in half a year, so many friends, for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life. These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass, and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration, is a truth that ought to be told.

Catching Jurors.—We have not picked up a more laughable paragraph in an age, than the one we here give. We owe the St. Louis Orgon "one" for it. In that city, some years since, a court commenced a session, but was obliged to adjourn for several successive days on account of the absence of the jury. One morning the sheriff came into the court and told the judges that he should probably have the jurymen ready by the following day, "for," said he, "*we have run down ten of them*, and got them tied up in a horse-shed; two deputies and four dogs are after the others, and they expect to catch them this afternoon.—*Baltimore Argus.*

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally a coarse profligate, or a bigot.